

# THE GATEWAY

Friday, November 18, 1921.

Edmonton, Alberta, Friday, November 25, 1921.

Issue, No. 6 Vo XII.

## "Loose Dogs of War" Reply

### DAY OF RECKONING ARRIVES

With Tomahawk and Battle-axe  
Wauneitas Advance--Scalps of  
"News Butchers" Hang-  
ing High!

Undaunted by flamboyant publicity, undismayed by thoughts of reprisals, threats of tubbings and hoarse warnings of "you're for it, young lady, you're for it!" the Wauneitas essay the field of journalism.

Although the attitude of the masculine mind seems to convey the same idea as that which we found expressed in large print in the inside of the Editor's hat, we, though, amateurs, have found little difficulty in fitting comfortably into the role of the fourth estate.

The worthy "news butchers" who rolled out of bed on the wrong side, and came into such violent contact with the wall that he received so heavenly a vision and inspiration, is to be congratulated on this sudden infusion of intelligence into his cerebral cortex.

Whatever the consequences may be, we have taken up the bow and hatchet and there is no backward step. If we do not wield our weapons well, the usual tone of this publication will not suffer; if we do wield them well, the long befogged mentality of mankind will be pierced for once by the keen arrows of woman's wit.

We have compiled news, gathered jokes, found new worlds to conquer, and even unearthed some untamed Meds. And all this we have done without stooping to the tactics of yellow journalism or the alliteration of the illiterate, so ably practised by our manly predecessors. In a more commendable fashion we have accepted the challenge so brutally thrown, and, alive to our duty, have set ourselves the task of supplying the enlightening criticism and thoughtful observations in which this journal has been so sadly lacking.

If their usual policy is followed, scathing innuendo and thinly-veiled sarcasm in the next issue will be the undoubted manifestation of their lack of appreciation of our worth and talent. But our contemporaries would do better to seek an alliance than to batter with their puny strength against the wall of superior intelligence. Our aid enlisted, it

### GET OUT AND PLAY YOUR GAME

**Basketball League Started. Former President Evinces Keen Interest in Athletics.**

Daughters of Alberta—show your zeal for clean sport. Everyone, even the most delicate, the most learned, should be vitally interested in some branch of athletic activity. If you haven't any such interest, develop it, and if you have, delay not in making it known to the powers that be, or would be.

Never mind if you don't know how to play. Get out and learn! You can never do it younger. You will have ample opportunity to exercise your vocal organs. For example, the Intercollegiate League starts this week with a game between Varsity and Alberta College. Many will be the exciting skirmishes between the North and South side teams.

There will be more excitement after Christmas when we play for the Bakewell Cup, in the Provincial League, but you'll hear more about that later.

The House League is started at last, under the directorship of Mary Martin. If you have any interest in Basketball, sign up and get on one of the teams.

Whether our warrioresses will strive in foreign camps this season depends on the gate receipts at the earlier games. Wherefore, sacrifice an occasional romance of the screen and deposit your quarter at the entrance to the Varsity Gym or Rink, as the case may be. And, when you get there, root!

might transpire that the general tone of this publication would be raised from its present level of inane nothingness and pointless dissertation to the standard of a journal worthy of a University publication.

### Borden Replies to Varsity Wire

That "A More Glorious Future Shall Yet Crown Sacrifice" is Inspiring Message

At the Memorial Service held in Convocation Hall on Armistice Day, the Staff and Students of the University sent, through President Tory, the following telegram to the Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden, Canadian representative at the Washington Disarmament Conference.

We are privileged to present to our readers his reply.

Dear Sir:

"The staff and students of the University of Alberta, assembled in commemoration of Armistice Day, send greetings through you to the Disarmament Conference. We pray that the work of the Conference may definitely pave the way for lasting good-will and peace among the nations of the world."

(Sgd.) H. M. Tory, Pres.

Washington.

Nov. 11th, 1921.

Dear President Tory:

"I am most grateful for the inspiring message which you transmitted to me today on behalf of the staff and students of the University of Alberta, assembled in commemoration of Armistice Day.

"We have just returned from a most impressive and solemn service at Arlington, where all that is mortal of an American soldier who fell in the great war was borne to its final resting place. As we stood in silence at mid-day the thoughts of that vast audience, in rapt attention, were surely fixed upon the untold sacrifice that had been made by the nations for the cause of freedom and justice, and upon the abiding hope of a more glorious future that shall yet crown that sacrifice."

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) R. L. Borden.

### Perry Hamilton Wins Coveted Prize



Perry Hamilton, winner of the Rhodes' Scholarship for '22, has ever been "ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises," and his many friends in the city and elsewhere, although scarcely surprised, are still, intensely interested to know that he has been chosen to receive this new honor which is merely one more tribute of his rare ability and worth.

Hamilton is a graduate of '21 and is best known to Varsity students as the never-failing Right Guard of the Basketball team, as Manager of the Basketball team of '19-'20, and as President of Basketball '20-'21, during both of which years he and his colleagues succeeded in winning the Western Universities Championship.

The next chapter of his life shows Perry distinguishing himself on the Battlefields of Europe. He enlisted early in 1917, serving in France with the 18th Battery Canadian Field Artillery as signaller. Then in June, 1918, he won the Military Medal and was recommended for a commission in the Flying Corps. However, before receiving his papers, he was wounded at the battle of Amiens, and, during the time he was in hospital, the Armistice was signed.

Coming to Edmonton at the close of the war, he entered the University of Alberta, where he completed his Junior and Senior years, showing himself a first-class student, winning the Samuel Richard Hosford Memorial Prize in English, and graduating in Arts with Class '21.

The U. of A. feels that Perry, with ".....all the elements so mixed in him.....", will bring honours to his Alma Mater.

Perry, when he leaves for Oxford next Spring, carries with him our best wishes.



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### MEN'S HOCKEY ORGANIZED

At a hockey meeting last Monday night at the Y. M. C. A. the Edmonton Amateur Hockey Association was organized and a program for the coming season outlined.

All games will be played under, and totally governed by the A. A. H. A. rules.

The following officers were elected:

Hon. Pres.—Premier Greenfield. Mayor Duggan.

Dean Howes, U. of A.

Mr. Dallas, Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Harker, H. B. Co.

Mr. Smith, A. G. T.

President—Joe. Driscoll, Edmonton.

Vice-President—Mr. Ferguson, A. G. T.

Sec.-Treas.—Mr. MacGregor, U. of A.

Four teams were entered in the league which will begin on December 15th. Varsity, A. G. T., H. B. Co., and the Pierce Arrows will all have strong aggregations.

The University has also entered a team in the Junior League.

Psychology Prof.: Aren't you going to take my course this year?

Student: Can't possibly do it, Professor, I talk in my sleep.

—Furman Hornet.

### MEN'S ATHLETICS

#### Track

To the astonishment of fair Pembinites, one icy morning King, Tait, and Strothers, were seen issuing forth clad only in light running suits. We were relieved to learn that they were not demented but merely taking their 5-mile run to keep in condition for the Herald Road Race, which takes place in Calgary on Christmas Day. Good luck!

#### Hockey

Red McColl says his prospective hockey team looks "mighty good". However, at that time the said president bore a respectable (?) optic protuberance, so his vision may have been distorted.

#### At Home

Mr. E. N. Butchart, president of Men's Basketball Club, will receive every Monday and Wednesday from 4:30 to 5:30 in the University Gymnasium. A delightful hour will be spent by those present disporting themselves to the strains of Jimmy Bill's musical whistle.

"Willie," said his mother, "I must insist that you stop shooting craps—those poor things have just as much right to live as you have."

—Gargoyle.

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF GIVES INTERVIEW

Expresses Very Intimate and Personal Opinions to Charming Reporter

We are sure that our readers will heartily approve of an eleventh hour inspiration on the part of the editorial staff to attempt to repay the kindness of our erstwhile editor, at least in some small measure, by devoting a little space in our paper to any words of wisdom which he might care to dole out to the general public.

With this end in view, we made search for him and finally spotted him as he was gliding down the hall in his usual springy style, and succeeded in heading him off into a corner. Without introduction we outlined our charitable plan. When the light of understanding permeated his rather opaque epidermal exterior, he favoured us with a smile, and a look of pleased surprise overspread his hitherto enigmatical countenance.

"Good stuff! girls" (rubbing his hands). Do you know I must admit I really didn't think that you would display such intelligence. I am delighted to take this opportunity of expressing a few sentiments of which I otherwise could not relieve myself and escape unharmed.

In the first place, that unregenerate bunch of roughnecks (whom I had picked as the cream of the University to chronicle the news) will persist in treating me exactly as one of themselves!

I wish to state emphatically, here and now, that I am not like other men and that, like my worthy friend, Mr. Nicoll, I no longer care to associate with the vulgus communus.

Secondly, I should like to call to the attention of all and sundry the fact that I am endeavoring, as a fitting example to the younger generation, to live up to the high ideal of a model student. But I find my praiseworthy intentions everywhere obstructed. No sooner do I settle comfortably into my bed at the sensible hour of nine p.m. and attempt to insure sweet dreams for the night by a half hour's concentration upon my studies, than Beelzebub appears outside my door with all his imps, and pandemonium reigns! As a result of these nightly revellings, I never get around to my nine o'clocks.

I am almost on the verge of despair. I am losing weight, and, in fact, I am only the ghost of my former self.

He heaved a sigh, and as we looked more closely upon him, we realized the truth of his complaint. Overwhelmed with this sad condition of affairs, we departed with only one backward, pitying look.

The black-haired waitres, out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy breakfast customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him. Then, striking a furious pose. "What-cha want!" she snapped.

"Coupla eggs," growled the customer.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are." —Life.

She smiles, my darling smiles and all the world is filled with light; She laughs, 'tis like the bird's sweet call

In meadows fair and bright. She weeps, the world is cold and gray, Rain clouds shut out the view; She sings—I softly steal away And wait till she gets through. —Wyoming Student.

### WAUNEITAS OUT EN MASSE

At 12 o'clock noon, Friday the 18th, Room 142 was packed to the doors with members of the worthy tribe Wauneita.

Miss Dödd, advisor to women students, took the opportunity of becoming acquainted with members of the tribe, addressing them in a much appreciated manner.

The Chief, Miss Archibald, then placed the proposition of taking over the Gateway for one issue. The members received this news with much delight.

The President of the Wauneita Council, Miss M. Simpson, spoke a few words on the responsibilities of the Council.

The question of the girls' rooters club was introduced. Great enthusiasm was shown and Miss C. McQueen was electe convener of the committee.

### JUNIORS DISCUSS WEARING OF GOWNS

The Juniors held a very important meeting on November 20th. Shall Juniors wear gowns? This universal question was introduced by President Max Palmer at the Junior meeting. As the meeting was not as representative as might have been, it was decided to settle this knotty and perplexing problem by ballot.

With reference to the Junior Prom, it was explained that any boy accompanying a Junior girl need not procure a ticket.

A motion was passed to have the class picture taken before Xmas.

### AGGIE NEWS

Oh, man, how long is it to be true of you, that "to make man happy you must feed the brute." How long, how long, will it be before you have a mind beyond "eat"? At an Agricultural Club meeting, for one long hour and more there was a discussion on how best to entertain the Fresh Aggies at a get-acquainted meeting. After a great deal of hard thinking on the part of everybody, one of our worthy Seniors jumped to his feet, and proposed an idea, worthy indeed of a man: "Let us have a banquet and invite all the members of our Faculty as well. After the banquet we would have a chance of getting acquainted. It would not be a case of prof. and student, but a slap on the back and "have a smoke, old fellow!" This wonderful and original suggestion was taken! The great banquet came off on Tuesday evening. Did they miss dinner at the residence? Oh, no. The banquet was not until 8 o'clock. It lasted until 11 o'clock. On Wednesday, Aggies could be seen looking satisfied and contented, though might we add, rather comatose!

We should all take every opportunity we can of hearing the Ministers of our new Government speak. The Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. George Hoadley, is speaking at the Agricultural Club meeting on Tuesday, November the 29th in Convocation Hall at 8 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to the meeting.

Citizen: That young fellow over there looks like a college man.

Policeman: Why? What do you see that's wrong about him?

—The Student.

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## A HOSPITAL RECRUIT

Much has been said about the discomforts, temporary and sustained, to which the raw recruit is put on his initiation into army life, but of the trials and tribulations of the newly-fledged, war-time nurse, but little. It was a common experience for such unfortunates to be thrust into a smoothly-run hospital ward, be-capped and be-aproned—symbolic, for aught the curious-eyed patients knew, of the fully trained nurse—and told to carry on as best they could.

It was into an atmosphere such as this that I made my debut as a V. A. D. in a military hospital in England. On presenting myself to the Matron for duty one morning in 1918, I was asked innumerable questions which elicited the astounding information that I was (a) a Canadian and (b) a novice in hospital ways. My sentence was in no way lightened by reason of these, my shortcomings, for I was led off for action to one of the surgical huts to commence my duties of nurse. The Sister in charge of the hut came to meet us and was informed of the situations (a) and (b). At the time this seemed innocent information, but, looking back on it now, I can sympathize with the Sister's feelings. The "breaking-in" of a new V. A. D. is indeed a harrowing experience—for both parties concerned, I may add.

This Sister had a very dignified appearance and a crisp way of speaking which was awe-inspiring, to say the least, and it was in fear and trembling, after the preliminary parleyings were over, that I followed her into the hut to assume the new role. A surgical overall was given me to wear, and I was told that I was to help with the dressings then in progress. As I followed the Sister down the length of the ward, I could feel the eyes of every patient upon me and see smiles on every side. A new nurse is no small event in a hospital to a man lying in bed day after day.

The words "put those instruments in the sterilizer" were simple enough, in all truth, but when I did not know what a sterilizer looked like, it was a difficult problem. Whilst looking vacantly about me for something that might be it, an "up-patient" came nobly to my rescue with, "there it is, nurse, I knows, 'cause I 'elps some days." There were many more such trying moments before I actually got into the swing of the work.

The first few days were distressing ones, coming as they did in July of 1918, when our casualties were at their heaviest. Convoys came every few days from France and our hospital was short staffed. If the convoys came in the night, the V. A. D.'s were wakened at 4 a.m. to get up and assist the night staff in giving blanket baths—a process not particularly appreciated either by the troops or V. A. D.'s.

This was our round of duty for the morning: Called at 20 minutes to 7, breakfast at seven, on duty at half-past, making of beds, dusting, tidying of lockers and getting everything ready for dressings. Whilst the dressings were in progress, the Medical Officer made his morning visit. When he entered the door, all the "up-patients" scrambled to the foot of their beds and stood respectfully at attention—such is the discipline in the British Hospitals—whilst the M.O. made the round of patients with the Sister.

The Matron made her rounds between these hours too. She was dreaded by staff and patients alike. There was always sure to be something wrong; a boot out of place, a rumple in a bed, or a speck of dust in sight. No smoking was permitted

in the wards between the hours of 10 and 12:30, and woe betide the V. A. D. if ashes, tell-tale evidence, were found on the trays! Of course the patients did smoke, and it was quite all right so long as they didn't get caught—a rule which held good throughout hospital life, be it said. Suspicious looking holes burned in the sheets next morning often bore witness to the fact that a cigarette had been hastily pulled underneath the bed-clothes.

There is much that is petty in hospital life of any sort, but especially so in a military hospital. Hospital red tape plus military red tape is a rather hard entanglement to escape. Our little hospital was strictly military and everything had to be done just so.

It is difficult to make any sweeping statement as regards the treatment given us by the trained staff of the hospitals as it varied so greatly in different hospitals and with individuals. Generally speaking, the V.A.D. was resented, more so of course in the early part of the war. We who came into the game late, fared better than our predecessors. It was difficult for the Sisters to remember that we were not probationers but mere civilians who had come in to be of what use we could. Their own hard training was so indelibly impressed on them that they felt the V. A. D. should be "put through it" too.

The trained people were called Sister and we were called Nurse. No such distinction was made in France, I believe, and some of our patients called us Sister too. This was not always appreciated by our superiors. One Sister even resented the fact so much that we, untrained people, should be called Nurse, that she used the term V. A. D. entirely. "Come here, V. A. A. so-and-so" was her way of speaking to us. Considering that V. A. D. stands for Voluntary Aid Detachment, I always felt like clattering up in massed formation.

However, in spite of such rebuffs, it was a great life. A stiff upper lip and a very thick skin were the chief requisites to enjoy it.

## VARSITY NEWS

Reverend J. M. Comyn-Ching of Christ Church, who was to speak in Convocation Hall Sunday morning, was unable to attend, owing to an illness which confined him to his room. He was replaced by Dr. Tory who spoke on a most timely subject, the Washington Disarmament Conference and the great good it could accomplish.

The thought had been suggested by the following quotation from the Old Testament: "and the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." (Isaiah, chapter 32, verse 7.) The dream of the ages, said Dr. Tory, has been to ultimately establish that attitude of mind which should prefer peace to warfare. We are "crying for the time when the King of Peace should reign among men," and we always associate peace with righteousness, in our minds.

In conclusion Dr. Tory said that the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of the Old Testament must find expression in the men and women of today and their relations to one another in every day life.

A most interesting lecture, of an unusual type, was given on Thursday, November 17th, by Capt. Laing of the Mercantile Marine.

The subject, "The Merchant Navy", was illustrated by many lantern slides, which afforded an interesting glimpse of many angles of a profession of which, unfortunately, we westerners, know so little.



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## THE WRITERS' CLUB

Two years ago, on November 7, 1919, a group of students with literary ambitions met at the instance of Professor P. A. Wallace to discuss the organization of a club which would aid the embryo authors in writing and publishing manuscripts.

The meeting resulted in the formation of the Writers' Club, the first Association of its kind in Canada. Mr. Wallace was elected Honorary President; Jim Davidson, President; Ted Watt, Vice-President; and Miss Christine Dobry, Secretary. The Charter members included, besides the executive, Rita MacCosham, Margaret Bryden, Clare Ward, Sid Bainbridge, E. Bell, Kemper Broadus, J. C. Marshall, K. Smith, and John T. Jones.

The object of the club was to find out the particular talent of each member and to aid in its development by helpful criticism and comparison with similar work.

The Journal devoted a page in the Saturday supplement to the use of the club, and MSS began to find their way to the eastern magazines. A group of the members including J. McClung, G. Ferguson, R. Cameron, and R. Moss, kept The Gateway supplied with interesting and amusing material on student life.

A smaller but more serious group formed the personal of the club the second year. Mr. K. Broadus, President, Miss Christine Dobry, Vice-President, and Mr. K. Smith, Secretary, formed an excellent executive, and the program for the year included the study of poetry and short stories with every third meeting devoted to the criticism of MSS.

Dr. Broadus, Dr. Gordon and Professor Wallace, of the Department of English, each gave a talk to the club during the year on subjects of interest to the members.

At the first meeting this fall, October 6, 1921, this material was submitted and discussed, with suggestions for "working it up."

A new executive was elected also: Mr. Kemper Broadus, President; Mr. J. T. Jones, Vice-President; and Miss C. Ward, Secretary. Professor Wallace has remained Honorary President since the club was organized.

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## THE GATEWAY

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## TO THE MEN!

Should anything in this issue of the Gateway appear weird or incomprehensible to the reader, let him attribute it to his ignorance of feminine psychology. Yea, scoffers and woman haters, this number has been compiled by members of the tribe Wauneita (an Indian word meaning kind-hearted). As you peruse these little stories, you will notice how we have carried on the spirit of our name, which is also expressed in the motto on our crest, "Payuk uche kukeyow mena kukeyow uche payuk," which, translated for the uninitiated, reads: "Each for all and all for each." In editing the paper we have extended the original meaning and the Wauneitas have endeavored to include not only the privileged clan, but also those unfortunately excluded.

This is the occasion on which the progressive daughters of Eve, weary of hearing about a "Pembina attitude", may express their views on the "Athabasca attitude."

One evident set of opinions is indeed abhorrent. We pardon men for being unutterably conceited, for that is their nature; but that presumably modern students should continue to regard women after the manner of their seventeenth century forefathers, is unendurable. Wauneitas at least must not be considered as gentle, submissive creatures, guided by man's honorable opinion.

We do not undervalue the work of men in this institution, but do they, as a body, give due consideration to women students? How often have we sat attentive when some speaker emphatically remarked, "Gentlemen", or what is even more humiliating, "Gentlemen—and Ladies." We mentally writhed.

Nor has the Gateway been above reproach. Have we not read many an article of this style: "The Med—you can spot HIM", or from a certain "Forecast of the Luck in 1950", one would judge that the only ech-

## BETTER 'OLE

Everyone calls it the Casserole. Rude boys call it the Camisole, but we call it the Better 'Ole.

## Meds—Attention!

If a man is born in Lapland, lives in England, and dies in Canada, what is he? A corpse.

## Astronomers

A student's reflexions during an exam in Astronomy—  
"Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly."

## Only Honours Math. Students May Attempt This—

Let 8 p.m. equal Friday.  
Friday divided by 8 p.m. equals 1.  
equals 1.  
Friday divided by 8p equals m.  
Substitute fish for Friday.  
Then fish divided by 8p equals m.  
Fish equals 8 p.m.  
Supper equals 6 p.m.  
6 p.m. equals three-fourths times 8pm  
equals three-fourths fish.  
Therefore supper equals three-fourths fish.

## Some of Our Celebrities' Favourite Songs

Tubby—My Little Dream Girl.  
Jessie B.—Say You'll be Mine.  
Mervin—The Old Grey Mare.  
Bessie M.—The Harp that Once,  
etc.  
Tomlinson—They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me.  
Slim M.—It's a Long, Long way to the Highlands.  
Irene—Nobody's Baby.  
Max—Kiss a Miss.  
Prof. Smith—Ain't We Got Fun.  
Hilda Wilson—Stop It.  
Bill Baker—Blow ye South Winds,  
Blow.

## Things We Would Like To Know—

If the last few editions of the Gateway are becoming more like the Calgary Eye-Opener because Bob. Edwards has been elected to Parliament?

Would MacNeil if a Bee approached?  
Speakin' o' debts, who's Pip Owen?  
Ruth looks blue—did Son Dier?  
Where Red McColl got his black eye.  
Why Mary's cheeks are so Rudd-y.

Why Helen B. is studying Household Ec.

If Bob L. thinks the seat in the Rotunda of the Arts Building belongs to him.

Where is the Dressing Gown of the boy with the "Nifty" pyjamas in the hospital.

How Parney can jazz so much with a lame leg.

Why so many boys are going Batty.  
If they think that taking yeast will raise the dough.

## Coupiology

And y marched across the campus with Kitty under his arm to the Blair of the Scottish bag-pipes, calling to battle the two clans of the Archi-

oes to resound in these halls would be from the latest thing in Men's footwear. And, shades of Edna Bakewell! must women accept an out of the way corner for their athletic notices?

These apparent trivialities evince an undesirable attitude of mind. Wake up to the twentieth century conditions!

balds. To the left, advanced the white man, to the Clicker of the tom-toms. But Hilda, Rexless as ever, remarked to Doug, standing on the Marj, "These Reeds make me Wroth, don't you know that Winta is Mute when Marion Blows in and that Cory is Manning the boat." Then in a louder tone, "Watchman, what of the Pembinites?"

Then Alexander, the ruler of the house, hove into sight, with many protestations, "you know I cannot come for I am Bickled."

Then Helen, the barmaid, in disgust, consulted her ever-ready Webster and remarked, "Let's Bern the Law."

Wanted—A bright young messenger boy who can return books to the Library between 9 and 9:15 and not be detected by Miss Calhoun.

"This is the first time I ever smoked," she said as she blew rings into the air.—Ghost.

Jean M.: There is only one thing the matter with you, Wray.

Stog.: Why, I always thought I was all right.

Jean: That's it.—Lemon Punch.

Why do they call him Johnnie Walk(h)er?

Beuase he does. Carfare costs.

The more a man knows about women, the less he talks about them.

Things That Don't Get You Anywhere:

Forbidding outsiders to come to the Soph. Dance.

Forbidding outsiders to come to any Year dance.

Forbidding outsiders anything. Outsiders.

Things That Get You Nowhere  
A fair-haired boy trying to grow a moustache.

Matching with Jimmy Bill.

Two boys coming to see the same girl at the same time in Pembina.

Trying to bully Ted into giving you a book from the Reference Shelves at 4:55.

Helena's curiosity.

## Laps

The lap is one of those rare human institutions which, though constantly being sat upon, still survives.

It always appears when you sit down. Nobody knows where it goes when you stand up. It was invented by Mothers. Mothers have worn laps ever since Eve evolved from fig leaves to furbelows. Fathers have the framework for laps, but they lack the connecting links.

## Without a Chaperone

She went one day to college,  
Tina went all, all alone,  
With quantities of baggage,  
But without a chaperone.

Her age was nearly twenty,  
She thought herself quite grown;  
She didn't know she couldn't go  
Without a chaperone.

One day she went out, walking,  
She started out alone,  
But met a friend and walked with him  
Without a chaperone.

The Advisor heard about it  
And called her up alone,  
For walking with a horrid man  
Without a chaperone.

Poor Tina cried and ran into  
The room she called her own,  
And vowed that she would never go  
Without a chaperone.

Later the manse was burning  
The flames on Tina shone,  
She thought she'd reached the other place  
Without a chaperone.

A youth climbed through the window,  
Having heard her frightened moan,  
"Kind Sir," she said, "I dare not go  
Without a chaperone."

In vain he tried to save her;  
She could but shriek and groan;  
And so they died together, there  
Without a chaperone.

Can anyone give any hints on removing fresh, green Moss from the Lobby and Radiators of Pembina. Information, written or Oral, will be gratefully received.

Prof. McGibbon: Does Mr. "Red" Jamieson, a student, live here?  
Miss Russell: Well, Mr. "Red" lives here, but I thought for a while he was a new night-watchman.

Hilda W. (reading the Journal): H-m—Mrs. McClung, M.L.A. Girls, where did she get her degree?

Dear Better 'Ole:

For some time I have been the recipient of marked attentions from a young lady. She calls here almost every evening and has taken me out in her motor; invited me to concerts and the theatre. On these occasions I have insisted on her taking my father with me, and have tried, as far as possible, to prevent her saying anything which would be unfit for father to hear. But my position is a difficult one. I don't wish to accept her presents when I cannot feel that my heart is hers. Yesterday she sent to my room a large bouquet of American Beauty Roses, addressed to me and a glorious bunch of Timothy Hay for father. Would it be right for father to keep all this valuable hay? He thinks there are some of the presents we can keep with propriety, and others a sense of delicacy forbids us to retain. He is going to sort out the presents into two classes and thinks that hay is in Class B.

I enclose a dollar because I don't think it right to as you to give all your best thought without giving you back what it is worth.  
Jam's son.

## TO THE 11TH

The night was clear and starry,  
The moon was riding high,  
Reluctantly the little maids  
Did to their couches hie!

A boom of cannon rent the air!  
They waked with startled cry!  
For voices strong and laughter bold,  
Rang to the startled sky.

The Juliets of Pembina  
Did shake their heads and sigh,  
And long for gallant Romeos  
Who would celebrate on pie !!!

## D. E. CAMERON WILL BE THE SPEAKER

At the Sunday Service in Convocation Hall on Sunday, November 27, the speaker will be Mr. D. E. Cameron, Librarian of the University of Alberta.


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## GIRLS SHOW THEIR OLD TIME SPIRIT

**Will Again Take Lead in Putting  
Lit Nights Over. Excellent  
Program Arranged for the  
Opening**

The first Lit meeting of the year will take place on Wednesday, November 30th.

Do you remember the opening Lit of last year? Well, I should say so! The few stragglers of the male species decorating the left side of the gallery quaked and held on to the seat, as the army of girls paraded the building, and, finally, filed into the opposite gallery, making the roof resound with merry song. "Tell us why they look lonesome", sang the occupants of the right gallery with fervor not unmixed with meaning.

Well,—rumors are abroad that the girls are once more on the war-path, and that a hot time is expected.

The programme is to be well worth while, being given entirely by new talent.

Arise ye Freshmen and Freshettes! turn out en masse and show us what you are good for. Arise ye Sophs and Upper Classmen! Show the Freshies that they are not the only ones possessed of the spirit of Pep.

### EPITAPH

He was a man!  
Let no harsh word be said  
To mar the calm  
Sweet slumber of the dead.

Only a man!  
And yet keen loss is felt.  
Restrain who can  
Those tears the heart to melt.

He was a man:  
We o'erlook past abuse.  
Our soothing balm—  
"All things must have their use."

He was a man,  
Like other men they say,  
But more so than  
All others in degree.

Like other men  
One haven he held fast,  
Where dwelt a nurse.  
('Twas there he breathed his last.)

You see—he was a man

The Manitoba Provincial Govern-  
ment has given the old Fort Osborne  
Gateway building to the University  
C.O.T.C. for use as headquarters,  
stores, canteen and club-rooms.

### "WOMEN IN MEN'S BOOKS"

Those present at the opening meet-  
ing of the Philosophical Society on  
Wednesday evening, the 18th inst.,  
were delighted by an interesting  
paper on "Women in Men's Books",  
given by Professor R. K. Gordon. In  
the absence of the president of the  
society, Professor MacGibbon, the  
chair was occupied by the honorary  
president, Professor Gaetz, who in-  
troduced the speaker.

Great social changes, said Dr.  
Gordon, are always reflected in lit-  
erature. Thus the various stages of  
the emancipation of woman are mir-  
rored in the writings of the day. In  
the seventeenth, eighteenth, or even  
in the early part of the nineteenth  
century the attitude towards mar-  
riage differed widely from that held  
today. On two fundamental assump-  
tions all were agreed: that man is  
naturally superior to woman, and  
that the one proper end and aim of  
the latter is marriage. Even Milton  
has been accused of a certain Oriental  
condescension to women, but he  
has the noblest conception held by  
any writer of that period, with the  
possible exception of John Bunyan.  
The Marquis of Halifax, in advising  
his daughter, admits that the mar-  
riage laws are hard for women. Yet,  
by skill a woman may manage her  
husband, even if he be drunken, dis-  
agreeable in temper, stingy, or a fool.  
Thus marriage appears as a contest,  
in which woman, though the weaker  
and inferior partner, may rule by  
superior strategy.

No less gross is Samuel Richard-  
son's conception in the middle of the  
eighteenth century. "Pamela" is in-  
deed virtuous, but it is with an eye  
always on the main chance, and when  
the master who has vainly assailed  
her virtue "sees fit" to marry her,  
she gladly accepts him. Her advice  
to young girls is to conduct them-  
selves as "angels from heaven" while  
single, that young men may respect  
them the more, but after marriage  
to remember that the husband is the  
superior. Fielding saw the mean-  
ness of such a morality, but even he  
never dreams of a single standard  
for men and women, and he appar-  
ently feels no hesitation in giving  
his pure and beautiful heroine to the  
coarse "Tom Jones".

The practical side of marriage is  
emphasized by William Cobbet early  
in the nineteenth century. He sees  
in marriage the only rich life for  
both sexes. Also, he adds, with crude  
candor, a wife is cheaper in hte long  
run than a servant. Care should be  
exercised in the choice of a wife. Lov-  
ers," syas Cobbett, "may live on very  
aerial diet, but a husband requires  
solids. "A beautiful wife is desir-  
able as being more easily dressed,  
and as affording safety to her hus-  
band by the very number of admir-  
ers she attracts.

The early Victorian ideal was one  
of sham refinement and sentiment.  
The grossness of the time of the Reg-  
ency was the chief cause of the glori-  
fication of woman in the books of the  
period. The heroines of Dickens and  
Thackeray are paragons of virtue,  
but "Helen Pendenhis" and "Agnes  
Wickfield" hold less appeal for us  
today.

Until late in the nineteenth centu-  
ry marriage was the only career  
open to a woman. Her education  
was insufficient for any other, and  
if she sought to support herself as a  
governess, it was generally but a  
miserable existence. The single  
woman was the butt of all manner  
of jests, as it was assumed that she  
did not remain single from choice.

Education for woman was long  
opposed as destroying her charm.  
When, late in the eighteenth centu-  
ry, Mary Wilson advocated educat-



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### CULLED FROM

"Son, was it not said of old that  
women are curious and their tongues  
babble unceasingly? Behold, I say  
unto thee, one inquisitive man doeth  
more rubbering than a village street  
in June."

???

"Boast not thyself to know women  
for thou knowest not what the next  
damsel shall teach thee."

???

"There are two languages a woman  
speaketh, yea, three, to which her  
tongue is accustomed. The speech of  
women together and the speech of  
women with a man; but the speech  
of a woman, with a man and a woman,  
it is another language."

???

"My son, when thou sayest, all  
women are liars, it is easy to thee;  
but he who perceiveth when they  
are lying, I say unto thee, he is a  
man of understanding."

???

"As a piano playing in the next flat  
at midnight, so is the man that boast-  
eth himself to know woman. For his  
neighbor shall knock mightily till he  
be silenced."

???

"The same poem to two different  
damsels shalt thou not send, and  
what thou sayest to the one thou  
shalt not say to the other also."

???

"A tight skirt bindeth the ankles  
but a tightwad maketh small the  
heart."

???

"A wise man wrappeth not a diam-  
ond in a newspaper, neither doth a  
man of understanding take a damsel  
to a dance in a street car."

???

"My son, seest thou a man who  
hath attained success? Seek thou  
the woman upon whom his mind doth  
lean."

???

"My son, what thou doest for a  
woman she may forget, but what  
thou hast failed to do, that will she  
always remember."

Citizen: That young fellow over  
there looks like a college man.  
Policeman: Why? What do you  
see that's wrong about him?

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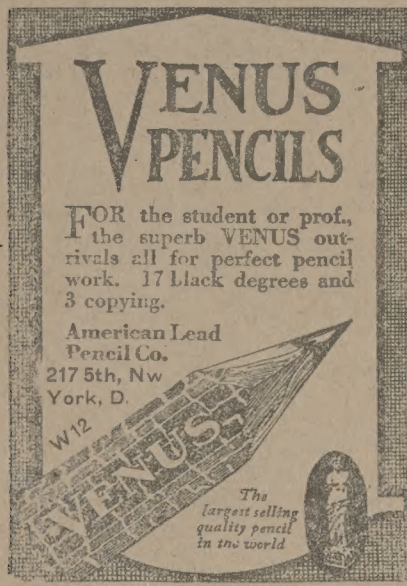
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Young Lady: What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?  
Male Floor Walker: Tastes different.  
—Jester.

fer. Personally I should prefer a Physics Prof. What do you know about cells?

Student (awakening): Not much, sir, I've only been in two.

—The Student.

Overheard at dinner recently:  
"Well—if these are pickled pig's feet, I heartily favor prohibition—for pigs."

## LAW COLUMN

It all started by the appearance on the bulletin-board of a startling sign announcing the advent of the embryo lawyers' first moot court. It was a Med who first asked what the word "moot" meant, but then a Med's idea of a dictionary is a Materia Medica and he can be excused. Knowing that Arts students (sorry, we couldn't find any other word than 'student') deal in verbirosities, this frog-dissector hailed one of those flirts with knowledge and thus accosted him.

"What does that word 'moot' mean?"

"Moot?" pondered the student, who is one of our most eminent lecture dodgers, seems to me I've heard that before. "Moot?"

You don't mean "mute"?

"Certainly not 'mute'," chimed in an Aggie.

"It might mean 'mutt', though."

Here the Arts student volunteered the information that having once been in the library he had there noticed a dictionary. The trio then adjourned to the library where Webster's compiled knowledge has lain in undisturbed glory for many years. But here a new difficulty arose. "Moot" was ambiguous, in fact, the revered Noah Webster had devoted half a column to its explanation.

"Here it is!" cried the tiller of the soil.

"Moot—a gathering of peasants with their landlords to discuss questions of agriculture."

"No," argued the boy who had registered for B.A., and took his lectures in the common room; "it says here that 'moot' means an assemblage of learned persons to debate questions of importance, but this is a lawyers' meeting."

Here Ted Davis emerged from his oaken citadel and explained the word that any intelligent man or lawyer would understand. In short, ten-syllable words, he enlightened the groping minds that the law students were holding a meeting for practice in court discussion.

It is now a fact in history that the law students assembled last Tuesday evening in Athabasca Lounge. Cigarettes were thoughtfully supplied to the boys and both of the girls enjoyed the smoke. By common consent and unparalleled restraint, only four of the lawyers spoke during the evening. Such an example of manly self-control should create a halo of dignity and tobacco smoke worthy of our coming barristers.

But undoubtedly the first moot court of our new faculty was a great success. The case chosen for the initial evening was an action to recover from a pawn-broker a very valuable jewel which was sold to him by a crook who had obtained it from a jeweler by posing as a gentleman of good financial standing and forging a check with his name. The counsel for the plaintiff were Messrs G. Parney and P. E. Poirier. Messrs Whitman and J. D. Adam spoke for

the defence. Alberta should be an unhealthy climate for the lawbreaker when these budding jurists are admitted to the bar. Mr. Weir spoke very highly of the manner in which the cases had been prepared and delivered and gave the class valuable suggestions for later moot courts.

We hear so much about the Meds.—  
Their prowess and ability,  
The Agricultural students,  
With their "tests in seed fertility",  
And Science and the Calculus—  
But even so I often think  
That when it comes to class,  
You can't leave out those legal  
lights,  
Who specialize in Gas.

### JINGLE BELLS

(Dedicated to the many who spend nothing but the evening.)

A wistful look—  
A tender sigh—  
A package of Spearmint  
Was all he'd buy.  
Oh generous man!  
What a regular Guy!!!

A lock of hair,  
A tender sigh,  
"I love you so"—  
(The same old lie).  
Oh joy divine!  
The girl was I-leen.

### A CO-ED'S CAREER

**Freshette—**  
Initiation.  
Infatuation.  
Flirtation.  
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Classification.  
Elimination.  
Concentration.  
**Junior—**  
Sophistication.  
Complication.  
Resignation.  
**Seniors—**  
!  
Realization.  
Education.  
Graduation.

### A SCENE

A stormy night—  
A starless sky—  
A sighing wind—  
Snow piled high.  
A flash of light—  
A startled cry—  
A bottle of Scotch.  
Oh my eye!!

### PEMBINUSE

Pembina was the scene of great hilarity on Saturday evening after the dance. The Freshettes and Sophomores, relieved of the weighty problems of Physics I. and Zoology, indulged in more pleasant activities to the tune of the electric toaster. Miss Frieda Smith, Barbara Villy, Hilda Hobbs, Edna Lewis, Aileen McCarthy and Margaret Clark were among the hostesses.

It seemed like old times to have "Summer" and "Dawson" in our midst for the week end. Miss Summerhayes is on the teaching staff of the Red Deer High School, and Miss Brimstone is attending Camrose Normal.

Miss Dodd entertained her friends at tea in Pembina Hall on Friday afternoon, November 18th. The resident girls made the rotunda and reception room very cosy with shaded lamps and cushions. Narcissus and chrysanthemums added to the cheerful appearance of the room.

Mrs. Tory and Mrs. Kerr poured

tea, and were assisted by the girls of the House Committee, Misses Susie McLennan, Belle Beveridge, Pauline Cain, Edith Hamilton, Helena Kerr, Marjorie Simmons, Bernice Carmichael and Olive Haw.

A wonderful remedy for all ills is in vogue in Pembina. Are you too fat, too thin, too tall, too short, or do you crave a perfect complexion—if so, try Fleischman's yeast. If you doubt its efficacy, apply rooms 301 and 306, 337 or 339 for testimonials.

We understand that an invitation has been extended from a certain table in Athabasca for a young lady to sit at that particular table. The seat of honor is between Jack and Son—so far the invitation has not been accepted. One wise woman, what?

We take the opportunity to suggest that perhaps weekly reports on the general condition of Bobby Cameron's health would be in order.

Girls! Watch for the new dance steps at the Junior Prom. Plenty of practice was given these intricate movements on the night of Nov. 11th.

The proverbial hash and stew are a thing of the past in Pembina. That lean and hungry look has departed from the faces of the Pembinites since Mrs. Tofner has come to us with her superior ability in the culinary art. We are the favored few!

Why, why, why?  
Pie, pie pie!  
Why? Pie!  
That's why.

We are rejoiced to see that Percival Algernon has recovered his usual exuberance of health after his thrilling experience.

All Pembina was startled to learn that he had suddenly disappeared. Upon further investigation, it was discovered that he had eloped with a vamp. The maternal indignation waxed great and Percival was hurried home and doomed to live in seclusion until his ardor waned. One of his numerous aunts, deeply regretting his pitiable condition, presented him with a new suit to assuage the pangs of his grief at so speedy a denouement of his first youthful experience, and also to prepare him for the coming of winter. Since that time he has been more like his loveable self. The more observant of his friends and relatives have been led to believe by the marks of thought on his brow and the wild look in his eye, that he is contemplating either matrimony or suicide; and as a very charming ingenue has just appeared on the horizon, we believe the former.

First Student: Aw, what'll we do?

Second Student: Well, I'll flip a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; if it's tails we'll go to the dance and if it stands on edge we'll study.

"Woman to run for mayor on wet platform"—headline. If she doesn't slip she ought to get there—comment.

—McGill Daily.

First Freshie: "I'm a little stiff from hockey."

Second Freshie: Where did you say you were from?

—College News.

"See that old man, over there? When he was in his prime, I believe he licked every man in this town."

"He doesn't look like a fighter."  
"He wasn't. He used to teach school."  
—Widow.



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### ONCE AGAIN UNTO THE CITY OF VAR

And it came to pass that while the reapers were yet carrying the harvest and the gleaners were still in the field, the pilgrimmage unto the City of Var did begin. And the multitude did gather at the City of Var and they did clamor together and say unto each other, "Lo, we must seek the High Priest; we must have speech with the Registrar," and straightway they did all with one accord arise and seek the inner temple of him that was the Registrar. And when the Registrar did see the multitude gather round about him, he spake unto two stalwart youths who were nearby, saying, "Guard thou this portal that no more may enter in, lest the pillars give way and ruin shall fall upon me and all that are within." And the more stalwart of the two young men made answer, "Even as thou hast spoken shall it be done."

But even the sheep that were within being separated from the goats that were without, did also wax wrath, thus saying among themselves, "Verily, I have come a great journey and whyfore should I tarry here—whyfore should I not see the High Priest straightway?" And he that was in the antichamber of the High Priest did speak thus unto the throng saying, "Peace be unto you, fear not but ye each shall see the High Priest when your turn cometh. But ye of little knowledge have neither eyes to see nor sense to perceive that there are yet others ahead of you."

And they were amazed to see such wisdom and thus they did agree among themselves, "Let us speak with him and let us beseech him to lend us an ear."

Then a maiden stepped forth and with trembling lips spake thus, "O thou of great wisdom, teach me that I may know whereby I may enter the path of learning!" And he of great wisdom did ask, "O Freshette, hast thou yet been before the Council of the Wise, steeped in the ways of the Fresh?" And she of quaking mein did make reply, "Yea, verily, and well have I instructed them concerning me and mine." Then again spake he who was the right hand of the High Priest, "Thou hast done well. Go thy way."

Then cried out one who had not reached the front, "Behold, I have arrived, and lo, I will dip deep into the writings of Agriculture. For it happened upon a certain day, when the grain was ripening in the ear, that the workers amongst the fields and the herds gathered together in one place, and they did agree among themselves that one should be chosen from among their number and be sent unto the City of Var, that, from the seats of the learned, he, the chosen one, should gather knowledge as to the harvesting of the precious fruits of their labours. And it came to pass, when the lots were cast, that I was the one chosen to go forth, and it grieved me much, knowing full well how little they could spare me from out their midst. But, lo, I have come, and it is meet that I should repay them for their sacrifice. Show me the halls of learning. And straightway he departed."

Then came forth he that was sore perplexed, and as his eye readeth the letters E N Q U I R Y, his countenance lightened and he raised his voice crying, "O Miserable that I am. Give me, I pray thee, some advice that I may follow. Io, have I sought it on every side and verily they do all direct me in diverse ways. But I see that thou hast much knowledge and I beseech thee to tell whom I should follow and where place my

faith." And he that was addressed answered, saying "Well hast thou spoken, and by the powers of discrimination, I see that thou thyself shall become possessed of great learning. Go thy way. Believe none."

Then he that was next gave voice uttering, "What meaneth this, wherefore should I be required to come before the scribes to declare what learning I would follow? For many month I have been much sought that I may give advice to those who were grievously tormented with aches and pains. Say this unto the Registrar, that concerning the ills of the flesh I would know all." And to him the answer came, "Mighty student of Medicine, thy message shall go forth."

Then he who was in the antichamber of the High Priest did notice one nearby who had tarried long, but lo, he was slow of speech and even yet he had not spoken. And then he that was the right hand of the High Priest spake unto him saying, "Verily I see that thou art of long suffering. Speak, therefore, I pray thee, and declare in what direction thou wilt make much study." Then he that had waited long did open his mouth and thus gave utterance, "Lo, I have not need of learning this day, for I am full of much knowledge, but I fear me to speak lest it should escape. Tell me, I beg thee, where are the Supps. being held for the Applied Science."

And when the multitude had departed, he that had spoken with them went in unto the Registrar and said unto him, "Oh most High, there is one without thy gates who would have speech with thee, but I beg of thee that thou wilt not admit of him this even, if thy pillow have any charm for thee, for his words are more numerous than the grains of sand upon the desert; yea, there is no book great enough to contain all whereof he speaks. But the Registrar being a man of great understanding and of much patience commanded, "Bring forth the Law Student."

## "CHUB" CARSWELL SAYS "I DO"

CARSWELL—PYKE

A wedding of great interest and exceptional beauty was solemnized at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Red Deer, Alberta, on Saturday afternoon last, when the rector, Rev. Gerald McComas, M.A., united in matrimony Hilda Hepworth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Pyke, of Red Deer, to Charles Frederick Carswell, B.A., barrister of Rimbey, Alberta, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Carswell of Red Deer. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends, and the church was filled with friends and well-wishers of the two old time families.

"Chub" Carswell is a well known character around the Halls of Athabasca and Pembina. He was president of the Law Students Association for the past two or three years, and an active member in all University activities. We are sure the Alma Mater wishes "Chub" and his bride all happiness in their new venture.

Mr. and Mrs. Carswell will reside in Rimby, Alberta, where he is using his degree to good advantage.

Freshette B. Hey.....d (to sophisticated Pharmacist): Is Ph.D. the degree you get when you graduate in Pharmacy.

## ALBERTA COLLEGE

A most enjoyable evening was spent by A. C. students and visitors at the Lit on Friday evening last. The first of a series of plays, under the direction of Miss Elderkin, was presented, and judging from the applause of the enthusiastic audience was a great success. The play was entitled "How He Lied to Her Husband," with Miss Eva Dawdy taking the leading part. Anyone who witnessed the play would have declared Miss Dawdy was "born for the stage."

After the play two selections were rendered by the A. C. Orchestra, which were greatly appreciated by all lovers of music, and many thanks are due to Miss Johnson who has been the organizer of the orchestra.

Dr. Tuttle gave an inspiring speech to the students, and the audience was favored with solos by Miss Wiggins and Mr. Allen. Everyone declared the program of the evening to be a pronounced success.

Miss Burkholder has now nearly recovered from her long illness, and we hope to have her back at A. C. in a short time.

An amusing incident occurred in a Matric. Classroom the other day. Mr. Hart was exerting every effort to shed light on a gloomy geometry proposition. Mr. McFarlane was sitting with a dreamy, far-away expression in his eyes, thinking: "Her wonderful hair, it is not red, and yet not gold; what would Tennyson have called it, I wonder, reddish-gold, or..... ....(?)"

Mr. Hart: "Well, Mr. McFarlane, what is the conclusion to this proposition?" Mr. McFarlane gave a perceptible start, but promptly replied "Golden red, Sir!"

A. C. Boys: When will the girls be out of prison?

Prophet: When the "jailor leaves."

A. C. Boys: Ye Gods, Patience!

Pupil: Where am I to suppose this setting is? At an antique gate?

Dramat. Teacher: No, Gates are too commonplace; let us have it beside a sunny Bank. Oh, for the glory of a Bank at Sunset! !

He: Why are the girls so beyond the reach of the boys?

Knowing One: Because they are "Jacked" up.

### PHARMACY NEWS

The Wauneita members of the Pharmacy Club delight in drawing attention to an organization that has heretofore been neglected; granted, we have a representative on the Gateway, nevertheless we feel it our duty on this auspicious occasion to help him out.

The hockey team ought to consider itself lucky in having one of our leading members as manager. He is already training the boys by conducting track meets in the corridors of Assiniboia from 12 to 4 a.m.

### Things Picked Up

Cope is a wise guy. He isn't Amyng to pay a clerk in his new drug store.

To Amy, looking distressed:

"Why, what's the matter?"

Amy: "I've wasted my fourteen hours, looking for those fifteen marks I lost in that Mat. Med. test."

Mr. Bills, in Bio Chem.: Digitalis is taken for affections of the heart. He seems to know.



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10069 Jasper Avenue Next to Allen Theatre**CO-MED. COLUMN**Do the Med boys treat us right?  
Co-Meds, in chorus: "Well, I should say so!"Heard on Nov. 12th—  
Co-Med.: What makes that red spot on your nose?  
Johnny: Glasses.  
Co-Med.: Glasses of what?There is a professor named Gaetz,  
Who tries to put into our paetz  
Materia Med,  
But let it be said,  
We all are resigned to our faetz.**Things We'd Like to See and Hear**  
A Tuck Shop on every floor of the Med Building.

Dr. Green doing the shimmy.

That Materia Med. had been abolished!

Dr. Lehmann with a brand new story.

A common room for Co-Meds not more than three stories from our labs.

Weston on time for a lecture.

Exactly what Professor Macphee meant about "that" apartment.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Red,  
How I wonder what Co-ed  
Up above the stars so high,  
Like a love lorn maid does sigh.When the glorious run does pass  
And he looks not on the lass;  
Then she smiles on other knights,  
He goes twinkling all the night.

At a Saturday night dance—"Some of these women certainly shake a wicked scapula."

The Third Year Co-Meds. take great delight in accepting the kind invitation of Dr. S—— to a smoker in his office on November 31st, 1921.



AN ERRONEOUS IDEA OF THE ATTITUDE OF THE CO-MEDS.

**And Tell Me Please**

Why Johnson always carries a club bag to Labs.

Who is the Third Year Med with the hair-lip?

What Orville Wilson would do if the students were not allowed to ask questions?

Why do all the Meds love Dr. Green?

Who has two new gold teeth?

What keeps Alexander so wide awake during lectures?

Why Andy is always late for lab?

Did Roy swallow Cunningham or Gray?

Why the doors of the small dissecting room are always closed?

Who is Agnes?

Why Doctor Minnish doesn't dance?

What's the use of studying Materia Med.?

At the door of the Provincial Laboratory—  
Lab. Boy: Who are you?

Little Boy: Oh, the doctor knows us. We deal here. We got a baby last week.

**The Zero Hour**

Half a dose, twice a dose, what a dose! Comrade!

Into the zero hour flocked the half hundred.

Stormed at with Potass. and Lith.,  
Hard did they cram; but well!

Out of Materia Med., how could they come but dead;

Weary half hundred.

When shall their glory fade?  
Oh, what new salts they made!  
Daddy Gaetz wondered.  
How they'll be plucked amain,  
How they'll revive again;  
Weary half hundred!**Overheard One Thursday Night at Dinner**

2nd Yr. Med.: I've spent six hours today with Ann.

2nd Yr. Arts (interestedly): How did you ever do it?

1st Yr. Science (most interestedly): Ann who?

2nd Yr. Med. (laconically): Ann Atomy.

Innocent: People say I have eyes just like father's.

Drowsy: Uh-uh, pop-eyed!

If he wears a pleasant smile,  
Dean Rankin is his name,  
If he's cheerful all the while,  
Dean Rankin is his name,  
If his eyes with good nature beam,  
If he's the maker of toxin,  
Fine personality, excellent quality,  
Dean Rankin is his name.

Dr. R—l, exhibiting a humerus to frightened Med. in oral quis: What is this?

Student: A bone, Sir.

Dr. R.: But what kind of a bone?

S.: A long white bone, Sir.

Dr. R.: Yes, yes, but don't be humerus. There isn't time. What is the name of the bone?

S.: Humerus, Sir.

We wonder why the Med girls can't have locker accommodation as well as the boys.

**Heard in a Med. Class**

Dr. R. (calling roll): Flibadski?—Present.

Obuzzoff?—Present.

Dr. R. (sneezing):—Present.

**COMMUNICATIONS**

Madame Editor:

There is one phase of the Armistice Celebration which the last Gateway did not touch upon. For the past two years, on Armistice Day, it has been the custom of male students to haul from somewhere a piece of cannon, and place it on the campus in front of Pembina. There, at no stated intervals, merely as the mood seized them, they would load it and fire it off. Why in front of Pembina, I do not know.

I have no objection to this, if this is their best way to celebrate our great victory, let them do it. But if they intend us to join in the celebration by partaking of the noise caused by the firing of the cannon, it is only fair that they should dispense with the coarse remarks and terrible shoutings in order to permit us to hear the noise caused by the discharges.

Sincerely yours,  
"War Dog."**ANNOUNCEMENT**

Do not buy your Varsity sweater until you have seen the standard styles and designs. A committee is at work now and will submit a report at the end of next week.

**N. H. YOUNG, Diamond Merchant**

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**"VARSITY STUDENTS' JEWELRY HEADQUARTERS"**